

HOME READING.

The Sleigh Belle.

How the sleigh bells how she chatters
With her beau!
How she glances, chatters, chatters,
Of numerous matters,
With the driver's feet besetters
With her snow.

See the sleigh bells with her lover!
How they feel!
Like a pair of colts in clover,
The sweet sleigh bells and her lover,
Tossing the dainty cover
Of the seat!

See the people stand and stare
At the belle,
As with loosely flowing hair,
And a smile beyond compare,
She is speeding through the air
With a swell.

Oh! such swifter suits for riding,
Though 'tis rough,
And the sleigh bells loves the gliding,
And the merry, merry sliding,
With her fifteen fingers hiding
In her muff.

Two Robbers.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER IV.—CONVERSION.

The memory of that birthday night whose festivities had been thus rudely disturbed lived long among the inhabitants of Castle Taubenheim. The guests had all departed in terror and quaking to their own homes, to guard against any similar visitation. On examining the state of things next morning, the ladders were found to have been plundered, and the casks had been emptied; the flower garlands and festive hangings were soiled and trampled under foot, and the silver dragons were gone, but, strange to say, the heavy gold bags had been left undisturbed.

"When the old Knight Stillfried, still trembling with the shock received, had been able to ascend the turret staircase, he found to his surprise that his treasured ducats were all there intact.

"Strange, very strange," he muttered to himself, feeling the gold between his fingers to make sure that it really was there. "And I told him the way to be sure. I do not feel quite easy in my mind, for perhaps he may come back to fetch it. I wish he had taken it with him the first time, for another such visit would kill me out right."

Young Kuno was all for revenge, and for pursuing the robbers into their own den, but the peace-loving knight would not hear of any sort of retaliation.

"No, no, Kuno! it would not be safe to irritate them further; we must be thankful that it was no worse, and that they have spared our lives. It is really kind of them not to have burned down the castle to the ground."

Only pretty Imrengard had not been disturbed that night. She had slept through the noise of the overfall, and came down next morning as blooming and fresh as a May flower with the dew still on it, and with a new soft light of happiness shining in her beautiful eyes.

"Thank God, my pretty, that you are not ill with the fright," said old Dame Kunigunde, who had also been her nurse. "And did you not hear the clank of arms, my child, nor the blood-thirsty shouts of those terrible men?"

"Nothing of that," answered Imrengard. "I heard but the nightingale singing outside my window; I slept so softly and sweetly as never before in my life, and oh, nurse, I had such a beautiful dream!"

"A dream, my pretty one, and what did you dream of?"

"I dreamt that there was some one standing near my couch and taking care of me, a tall handsome man."

"And with blue eyes and fair hair like you, my dear Kuno?"

"Yes, but natural for a maiden to dream of her betrothed; there is no harm in it."

"No, he was taller than Kuno."

"Love ever magnifies the beloved object," said the old woman wisely, "and your cousin may yet grow awhile."

"And he had black hair, and beautiful dark eyes, that shone like two burning coals, and he looked at me so mournfully and so wistfully. And, nurse, do you know, I have lost one of my gloves? It was the pair with the pearl embroidery on it."

But Dame Kunigunde could not decipher the incomprehensible dream, and though she searched diligently, high and low, for the missing glove with the pearl embroidery, it was not to be found.

And this was not extraordinary, for how could the worthy housekeeper have guessed that the dainty gauntlet was at that moment, full many a mile away, at the top of the highest mountain, lying next to the heart of the robber chieftain?

Black Heino was sitting moodily beside the camp-fire. He had shown no interest in the division of spoil, and had answered not a word when the dark-eyed Sibylla archly inquired for the ruby necklace or the glittering earrings he had promised her.

And when she had replenished his goblet with sparkling wine, and woe had sweetened it moreover, with a kiss from her coral lips, he had declined the kiss, but had taken the wine unsweetened. And Black Heino had shown his wisdom in so doing, for a kiss is only sweet when you value the lips which give it, but good wine is good alike in silver or in pewter tankard.

In the days and weeks that followed, Black Heino remained thus gloomy and abstracted. He was no longer the same reckless, dare-devil captain, ready for any expedition, and willing to lead his men to danger or death. As often as not he let them go on their pillaging excursions alone, and when he could evade his comrades' notice he would steal away, unobserved, in the direction of Castle Taubenheim. Concealed under various disguises, he would linger whole days round this place, with no other hope than to see, from a distance, a slender figure walking on the terrace, or perhaps merely to spy a light burning at a turret window.

And within the castle likewise things were no longer as they used to be. Kuno was yet more peevish and moody than of yore. His countenance did not light up, even when sitting by the side of his lovely bride. And he would stand on the battlements for hours together, gazing up wistfully at the mountain heights.

Pretty Imrengard was changed as well; her cheeks had lost both color and roundness, and she would sit whole days idle at her spinning-wheel. The day which was to

make her Kuno's wife was now approaching, but she went about the preparations for her wedding-gear slowly and reluctantly, showing no more interest in her dainty garments than if she had been preparing them for the cloister walls.

One day when visiting the hamlet on some charitable errand, she had been accosted by a ragged and dishevelled beggar, who asked an alms of her. She had given it readily, as was her wont, for she was ever tender-hearted to the poor; but why did she start and feel her heart flutter wildly as her eyes met those of the suppliant fixed longingly, hungrily upon hers?

And one evening in midsummer an aged minstrel had come to the castle gate, and begged for leave to divert the gentle folk with his lays. The leave was granted, and with tottering feet the aged harper was conducted to the hall, and seemed all but too weak to touch the chords of his instrument.

His beard was long and white, and his back was bent, but his dark eye flashed with the fire of youth, and his voice had a full and sonorous sound. He sang of the power of Love, and of how it is mighty enough to tame the fury of the wild beast, and to lure it from the forest a docile and willing captive.

And again Imrengard felt strangely moved as she listened, and it seemed to her that she had seen that aged minstrel's face before.

The robbers on the mountain were no longer satisfied with their chieftain. They were beginning to get disorganized, and different sections and parties were forming among them. They did not dare to complain aloud, for they stood in awe of their gloomy captain, but they grew discontented and grumbled behind his back, for one and all, they felt the want of an iron hand to hold them together as hitherto.

It was Heino himself who read these thoughts in their minds, and broached the subject one day.

"Brothers," he said, "you must choose another leader, for I can no longer be with you. The days are past when I loved this life above all others. My heart is no longer in the trade, and it has been borne in upon me that the life I have been leading is a sinful one. I no longer care to deprive innocent men of their goods, nor to burn houses and pillage churches. I am tired of bloodshed, and the sight of a burning village no longer excites me to mirth as formerly. I go from you to give myself up as prisoner."

This resolution was received with wondering stupefaction by the band. What, said Black Heino, the bravest of the brave, the most intrepid and reckless among them, to give up this life and turn saint in the prime of his manhood! He who had so often told them that the right of might was the only law to be recognized by free men, who had hitherto regulated his conduct upon

The good old rule—the simple plan, That those should take who have the power, And those should keep who can!

Had he now come to prate of sinfulness like a monkish friar? Why, their captain must be bewitched, as indeed he had seemed ever since their foray at Castle Taubenheim. Yet there was some truth in his words, his heart was no longer in the life he was leading. No use to oppose his wish or try to keep him back. It might be only a passing fancy, but they knew enough of their leader to be aware that he was never to be dissuaded from any resolve. Let him go, since go he would. Doubtless he would return to them when the evil spell had worn off.

"At least thou wilt drink a parting cup with us for the sake of the merry times we have seen and the lusty pranks we have played together?"

"Be it so, my brothers," answered Heino. "We shall drink together to the memory of the past. This wine shall be the last of the ill-gotten goods I shall ever touch."

And so, after a last wassail feast, in which they pledged each other all round, Heino rose to depart without a sigh of regret for the life he was leaving. His resolution never faltered as he grasped the hand of each comrade; not even the tears which fell from the black eyes of the beautiful Sibylla had power to touch him, for his heart was full of another image as he bent his steps once more toward Castle Taubenheim.

CHAPTER V.—THE PENITENT ROBBER.

Old Ritter Stillfried was sitting in his turret room, counting over his golden ducats as he was fond of doing. He loved his money with still greater tenderness than before, when he thought of how nearly he had been losing it.

Now he was counting over those yellow ducats which were to be the wedding portion of his fair niece, and, as each glittering coin passed through his fingers he congratulated himself anew that the pretty shining pieces were not to leave the family to swell the money-bag of another man.

So absorbed was he in his occupation that he heard not an unusual sound at the window behind him, nor marked how first a muscular hand appeared grasping the ivy which clothed this side of the castle wall, to speedily followed by a dusky head, to how finally the figure of a tall man swung itself over the window-sill and stood in the room beside him.

It was beginning to grow dark, and old Ritter Stillfried did not look up till aroused by a touch on his shoulder, and turning his head, he saw himself confronted by a tall dark man whose sun-burnt face and glowing eyes were most unpleasantly familiar.

Recognition was borne in upon him instantly with the lightning-like rapidity of frenzied terror. It was the robber chieftain Black Heino, whose very name sufficed to make him tremble.

Even his cherished gold was for the moment forgotten. A nearer and dearer interest was at stake, and he trembled for his life, as he had trembled once before.

"Good sir, worthy sir," he faltered at length, when his parched tongue was able to move, "spare my life. I am an old man, and it could do you no good. Take all this money, my niece's fortune, take even my own, and welcome; it is yours already, if you have doubtless come back to fetch it."

"I want not this gold, old man," said Heino, in his deep bass voice, and he waved it away with a haughty gesture. "Not that gold."

"It is all I have, I swear by the holy rood; not another coin have I got but what is contained in these bags. Take it! Oh, take it!" And with shaking fingers he lifted the heavy coins toward his awful visitor.

"I want not this gold, I tell you, Sir Knight," repeated Heino impatiently.

"What, then, do you want, brave sir? Not my life? Only not my life?" he shrieked

in his terror. "Consider, good sir, worthy sir, I am but an old man, and my death could profit you naught. Take my gold, spare my life."

"Fear not, old fool," said Black Heino, raising his voice. "I want neither your money nor your life. You have nothing to fear from me. See, I am alone and unarmed." "Alone!" repeated the trembling knight, with a backward glance at the tower, from whence he had expected to see a draw of armed men appear. But even one robber alone, whether armed or not, was quite bad enough, he thought.

"I have come alone," went on the robber chieftain calmly, "to give myself up as your prisoner. I have renounced my comrades because I have seen the sinfulness of my pursuits, and have resolved to end my days as a devout Christian to efface the memory of the harm I have done."

The words were humble, but the tone was hardly so, and even these contrite protestations failed to restore confidence to Ritter Stillfried's fluttering heart. He coughed and cleared his throat, and twisted himself to and fro on his seat in mortal uneasiness, not well knowing which tack to take, and fearing to offend this fierce-looking penitent.

"Christian sinfulness. Just so, good sir. At least that is not what I mean to say. Par be it from me to call your trade a sinful one."

"I have come to give up my sinful life," repeated Black Heino with uncompromising distinctness. "And I offer myself as your prisoner."

"Very good, very good, just as you please," stammered the old knight, not knowing how to choose his words. "Then perhaps you would like to see the chaplain, Pater Nepomuk. Stay, good sir, do not trouble yourself to move. Shall I fetch him myself?" And, fear lending him momentary strength he managed to reach the bottom of the staircase, where, after gasping out incoherent orders to have the dangerous captive securely locked up, he swooned away, exhausted by terror.

This unexpected capture of the robber chieftain was a source of considerable embarrassment to most of the inhabitants of Castle Taubenheim. What to do with him was the question which perplexed every mind.

Ritter Stillfried had in a quivering voice directed that the heaviest chains and the most massive handcuffs should be produced for the benefit of the robber chieftain, but no one felt particularly inclined to try the experiment of putting them on, and young Kuno waved away the manacles as he said: "Your men once bound my hands for me, but you spared my life when they would have killed me, and though you called me a boy, I shall suffer no one to lay hands on you now. You are welcome to stay in our dull castle if it pleases you to give up your merry life up yonder, though I cannot but marvel at your taste."

So the robber was allowed to remain at Castle Taubenheim, and was treated as a guest rather than a prisoner. In fact, it was Ritter Stillfried himself who became a prisoner in consequence, for since the advent of the terrible Black Heino he dared not leave his room, and remained there, protected by bolts and bars, while the dangerous robber was at liberty to go where he pleased.

On the day after the robber's arrival, damsel Imrengard, when passing down the vaulted passage, suddenly caught sight of Black Heino leaning against a pillar.

She gave a scream and looked as though she would swoon away, but recovered herself as quickly when she was told that the terrible free-booter should be sent to the dungeons.

"Oh! not to the dungeons," she said, with tears of pity standing in her sweet eyes. "Not on my account; it was only a passing faintness; but she felt quite well and strong again, she declared, strong enough even to sit at the same board with this unwelcome guest."

And more than this, the fair Imrengard took a surprising interest in the conversion of this reclaimed robber. She would spend hours in reading to him from the works of the holy fathers, and it was stranger yet that in this pious occupation her cheek should regain its lost bloom and her eye its former brightness.

CHAPTER VI.—PERFECTION.

A few days before the one fixed for the marriage of Imrengard and Kuno, the youthful bridegroom was walking at eventide in one of the forest glades.

He was moodier than usual, and looked more like a man who is to be hanged to-morrow than like the accepted suitor of the fairest maiden in the country.

Presently he was accosted by several strange-looking men with slouched hats and shrouding mantles, from under which glittering weapons peeped out.

"Young sir," said the foremost of them, "do you belong to the castle yonder? We think you are a page or such like. Will you bear me a message to our comrade, who is a prisoner there?"

"A message, what is it?" said Kuno.

"We desire to know whether it is indeed by his own free will that he is there detained. He must be free, we are sure of that, a tame existence, and we are sorely in want of some one to guide us as before. Strong arms and brave hearts we have no lack of, but what we require is a head to direct and a voice to command us. We start before long for a raid against the lowland provinces, but we are helpless without Black Heino, our bold captain. Tell him that we agree in advance to every condition he chooses to make if he will only return to us. Tell us, oh, where does he languish? If he is in a dungeon, we shall free him. If he is wearing chains, they shall be broken."

"Methinks he is wearing chains," said Kuno thoughtfully. "But they are forged of silken hair, and not of iron links. Look rather for yourselves, and judge whether he is likely to return to you."

The trampling sound of horses' hoofs was approaching, and Kuno and the group of outlaws stepped aside to screen themselves from view while peering out through the leafy branches.

Presently two figures appeared in sight, riding along the open glade their outlines blended together against the sunset sky. The one was a damsel mounted on a milk-white palfrey. Her green velvet robe richly embroidered with gold gleamed over her forest floor. The snowy plumes of her drooping hair cast a becoming shade over her fair brow. Her blue eyes looked up confidently at her tall companion.

This companion was no other than the robber chieftain, who, mounted on a coal-black charger and attired in a chevalresque

costume, looked sooth as good a gentleman as any in the land; for the tailor was in these good old times every whit as mighty a sorcerer as he is with us to-day. To look at Black Heino as he now reined in his fiery steed, no one would have thought that he had been used to setting traps on fire and wringing their owner's necks.

As the couple rode hard by the place where young Kuno and the robbers lay concealed, Black Heino bent down and seized the damsel's little hand. She made no sign of resistance as he pressed it long and fervently to his lips.

"A woman!" said Rinaldo, in a tone of the deepest disgust. "So it is a woman who keeps him here! Times are changed indeed. Our light-hearted captain, who never cared for a wench more than a week at a time, to have fallen so low as this!"

"If such is the case," put in a second robber, "then our errand is hopeless indeed. Heino is no longer the leader we require. We must look for another."

"He is found already!" cried the youth impulsively. "I am your leader."

"You our leader!" cried the robbers unanimously with a laugh of derision. "Young sir, you are pleased to bandy jokes with us. A milk-faced stripling like you! Your audacity becomes you right bravely no doubt, but it would be rent on our harsh brows. Your little hand is tender as yonder maiden's, and your rosy lips are but fit to lip soft words."

"My skin may be white," cried Kuno in growing excitement. "But my blood is red! though my doublet be silken, a man's heart beats beneath it. My rosy lips will know to command you right well, and my little hand to punish whoever dares to disobey."

His youthful face aglow with a light almost of inspiration, his blue eyes shining like sapphires that have caught fire, young Kuno's impassioned words took his audience by storm.

They embraced his knees, they kissed his hand, they shouted aloud in their enthusiasm, "long live our youthful leader! We shall follow him to death!" And, raising him on their shoulders, they bore him away in triumph to their mountain fastness.

CHAPTER VII.—HEINO'S BRIDE.

By and by even old Stillfried began to grow accustomed to the presence of his singular guest, when he saw how even a weak maiden could approach him without danger; so he ventured gradually out of his self-imposed prison, though he never felt quite safe unless there were the length of the board between him and his visitor, and he started nervously whenever Black Heino entered the room.

The search for young Kuno had been given up by this time and it was taken for granted that he must have fallen into the river or have been torn to pieces by the wild beasts of the forest, as he was reported to have been last seen bending his steps in that direction.

The fair Imrengard bewailed her cousin as a brother and a playmate, but she did not wring her hands nor tear her hair, as maidens are wont to do when they have lost their lovers, neither did she talk of shutting herself up in a convent.

It was a great blow to the old knight when one day, about six months after Kuno's disappearance, Black Heino came to him and said:

"Ritter Stillfried, I have come to ask you to give me the hand of your niece in marriage."

What was he to do? Had ever gentle man been in like predicament before. Give the hand of his niece, and with it her fortune to this man, a common robber! It was not to be thought of! But, on the other hand, how dare he refuse. The enamored suitor would assuredly burn down the castle and cut all their throats if balked in his desire! And the most singular point of the matter was that the maiden herself made no objection to the arrangement, but with becoming blushes modestly confessed that her heart had long been given to the robber chieftain, and that she would never be another man's wife.

"But she was to have been Kuno's wife," sighed the old knight helplessly, for it cost him a pang to relinquish his long cherished plan; but Heino reminded him that Kuno was very probably dead, in which case he did not require a wife, or else he had gone off of his own free will, and by so doing had naturally forfeited his claims to the fair Imrengard.

These arguments bewildered the old knight exceedingly, and confused his notion of right and wrong. Hitherto he had always believed that robbers and gentlemen were two separate classes of beings who could never be confused, but now the line of demarcation appeared less distinct. After weighing the matter from almost every possible point of view, the balance was finally turned in Black Heino's favor when it occurred to old Stillfried that after all it might be the safest expedient for himself to have a robber for a neighbor-in-law; it might secure him against other outlaws, and act as a sort of life and fire insurance policy.

So the family chapel at Castle Taubenheim became witness of a sight never seen before. How a damsel of the noble house of Taubenheim was united to a robber, and the old stone knights on the marble tombs did not start up to forbid the banns, nor did the wine in the silver tankards turn to blood as a hundred and fifty guests rose to empty them to the health of the fair bride and the gallant bridegroom.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE WHITE DOVE.

Twelve years had passed away. The good Knight Stillfried had ere this been gathered to his fathers, and had gone to join the bery of stone knights in the castle chapel. His last years had been spent in peaceful quiet, for since the marriage of his niece with Black Heino no robber had dared to molest the inhabitants of castle Taubenheim.

And this was not because the country had grown any the more peaceable, for the race of robbers had by no means died out, and the band of freebooters which infested the mountains was yet more terrible than of yore.

The White Dove was the name by which the present chieftain of the band was known. No one could tell exactly why he was thus called; perhaps it came from his flaxen locks and light blue eyes, which contrasted strangely with the fierceness of his disposition. In feats of daring and in reckless bloodshed the White Dove far surpassed Black Heino, his predecessor. Under his way the expeditions of the robber band had assumed wider dimensions than ever.

Not a fortress was so well guarded but it was managed to approach it; no wall so high but they scaled it with impunity. Every village, every castle had had to pay its tribute to the terrible band of outlaws. Castle Taubenheim alone was spared. A heavy sum had been placed on the head of the White Dove, but as yet his capture had not been effected.

Black Heino was now the lord of Castle Taubenheim, and he ruled it right nobly by the side of his beautiful wife, surrounded by a numerous progeny of well-grown sons and lovely daughters.

Ritter Heino he was now called, and no one ever thought of questioning his title, for riches and prosperity are always sufficient to convince the world of their owner's nobility. The former appellation of Black Heino, as well as the Ritter's ancient profession, was never alluded to in polite society.

On a winter's evening Ritter Heino was sitting in the great hall near a roaring fire, whose dancing flames lit up the vaulted roof. His beautiful wife, the very picture of a German *châtelaine* in her dark velvet robes and fretted silver girdle, was seated at her spinning wheel, and three or four of her golden-haired children were grouped around her, when this peaceful domestic circle was disturbed by a tumult outside.

The large wolfhounds in the court-yard had given the alarm, and mingled with their deep bay came other sounds, the clank of arms and the shouting of men's voices.

The door was thrown open and a crowd of retainers burst into the room all speaking at a time, and pressing around some object in their midst.

"We have got him! We have captured him at last! The robber chieftain, the terrible White Dove, who has burned down fifty villages and has caused the blood of hundreds to flow," and all pointed triumphantly to the tall figure in their centre.

The robber chieftain, who now stood bound before Ritter Heino, was a tall, sinewy man of about thirty years of age. Without being exactly of what is called athletic build, there was a suggestion of latent strength, and of singular resisting power about his iron muscles. His hair, which fell like a lion's mane on his shoulders, was bleached almost as fair as lint; and the same sunshine which had stolen color from his locks had given to his face a bronze-like hue, save at the places where his hair had been pushed aside in the struggle, and there his skin showed milky white, as white as the lily hand of yonder lady. The lips, though delicately curved, bore an expression of haughty command, and his light blue eyes, in their wide open gaze, had something of the fierce glare of a wild beast at bay.

"So you are the notorious robber chieftain," began Ritter Heino, addressing his captive. "And you are probably aware that a price of five hundred thalers has been placed on your head?"

"I am aware," said the White Dove, with a disdainful smile.

Something in the voice caused Dame Imrengard to look up quickly from her spinning-wheel, and something in the look made Ritter Heino seize a flaming piece of firewood and hold it straight in the prisoner's face.

"Good God! can it be possible?" he muttered, letting the firebrand sink by his side.

Dame Imrengard gazed long and curiously at the captive freebooter. Was this indeed the man to whom she had once been betrothed? Could this be the Kuno whom she remembered as a downy, white-faced youth, and who had chiefly failed to touch her heart because his face had seemed to her but a repetition of her own? He had not always that eagle glance, nor that imperious curve of the mouth. She only remembered him as a pretty, but gloomy and peevish boy.

"Ah, if he had always looked thus," thought Imrengard, "I should not have shrunk from becoming his wife."

With instinctive comparison she had glanced at her husband, as he stood facing the robber in the firelight glow. The twelve years that had elapsed had been less favorable to the *ex-damant* robber than to his successor. Easy life and good cheer had given to his figure a premature redundancy, and to his rufous hue which considerably modified his romantic appearance.

The robber, meanwhile, was gazing at the beautiful *châtelaine* and at the by of fair haired children around her, then at the warm chimney-corner and the well-cushioned seat from which the knight had just risen.

"My chair, and my wife," he muttered to himself. "And my children, too, those would have been! Was I wise, indeed, in giving up all that?"

Three sighs he echoed in the vaulted hall, as each of them thought of what might have been; for our foolish, wayward human nature ever makes us prize the most things we no longer have.

The dangerous robber chieftain was confined in the castle's deepest dungeon, and secured with heavy bolts and bars. Nevertheless, when morning came the prison was found to be empty, to the great wonder of the jailers.

How this had come about, perhaps no one but Ritter Heino himself could have told, for no eye had seen how he had crept down the dungeon staircase at midnight, nor how he had loosened the crossbars, and withdrawn the heavy wooden bolts.

Some hurried phrases, too, he had exchanged with his prisoner as he set him at liberty.

"You are going back to the old cavern in the mountains," he had said, with something like regret in his voice—"to the cavern, with its crystal ceiling and its shed-of-onyx niches. You will sleep again on a bed of wild thyme, and be lulled to rest by the voice of the mountain torrent! I can never sleep as well nowadays in my large clumsy bedstead, with the heavy damask coverlet. Tell me if the old companions are still alive, and give my greetings to Rinaldo and Wendolin."

"Rinaldo was captured three years ago, and was drawn and quartered, and the wretch," answered the chieftain. "And Wendolin is still alive, but he lost his right eye."

"And both his ears in some of our skirmishes," the knight, sentimentally. "Is she there still? What glorious black eyes she had, by my troth!"

"Sibylla has grown coarse and hard featured," said the robber. "She cannot be compared to your wife, my fair cousin Imrengard."

A warm hand-clasp was exchanged between the two, and then the White Dove stepped out into the dark winter night.

The robber, who had been a nobleman, went back to his freebooting companions on the mountain heights, and the nobleman, who had been a robber, returned to his canonized bedstead and his handsome wife.

And if any one should ask for the moral of this short but truthful history, let him take his choice of the following three:—

"That forbidden fruit is ever the sweetest." "That one good turn deserves another." "And that, although society be divided into robbers and respectable citizens, it is not always an easy matter to make out which are which."—*Longman's Magazine.*

The Greatest and Grandest.

The unvarying statement of every late visitor to the World's Exposition at New Orleans is that it is the greatest and grandest exposition ever held. In magnitude it is simply immense, while in variety of exhibits and comprehension of subjects it has never been rivaled. The earlier reports, based upon its incomplete and unfinished condition, and influenced by the execrable weather which prevailed for some six weeks after the opening, did the Exposition great injury, and will be a source of regret to many people, whom they deterred from visiting it and who may not now have the opportunity. Notwithstanding the difficulties and disappointment which attended the opening and the first weeks of the Exposition, and the serious financial embarrassments which ensued, the work of completing and perfecting in every department has steadily progressed, until now the Exposition is pronounced complete in every detail and exceeding in magnitude, scope and interest any exposition ever held.

When it is recalled that the different Exposition buildings cover ninety acres of space, and that all of this space is utilized by exhibits, and those of the richest, rarest and most perfect of their kind, our readers can form some idea of the attractions and interest of the World's Exposition. It will, probably, be the only industrial enterprise of this kind that the present generation will have an opportunity of visiting. The financial embarrassments attending the creation of this (now happily relieved by Congress), and the improbability of any future assistance by Congress to any similar enterprise, will undoubtedly discourage any effort in this age to establish another. Hence, the opportunity of visiting this ought not